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collection. Debucourt's "La Cruche Cassée," which had brought 13,000 francs at the Papin sale, sold for 10,000 francs; and Chardin's "La Cuisine"—a slice of salmon, a jug in grès, a kitchen knife, some mushrooms and a piece of cheese—brought 2350 francs.

* * *

At the Saulnier sale, the last considerable sale of the past season, Corot's "Orpheus Bringing back Eurydice," 1^m, 35×1^m, 10, sold to MM. Arnold et Tripp for 25,000 francs. Twenty-two other works of Corot brought corresponding prices. Bonnat's "Portrait of Victor Hugo" brought 5000 francs. Courbet's study, "Paysage de Jura," with a bull and a heifer in the foreground, 1^m, 18×0^m, 80, brought only 4000 francs. Delacroix's "Boissy d'Anglas," presiding at the session of the first prairial, an III., was bought for 40,000 francs for the Museum of Bordeaux. "Jesus on the Lake of Tiberias," by the same painter, brought 14,000 francs, and "Algerian Women at the Bath," 15,500. Diaz's "Nympe et Amour" went for 7100 francs; a stormy "Coucher de Soleil," with a shepherd and sheep, went to M. Petit for 6800 francs. Millet's "Goose-Girl Bathing" went to Arnold and Tripp for 29,100 francs; and Rousseau's "Le Printemps" to M. Baque for 24,500 francs.

THE FIFTH AVENUE.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE A. T. Stewart house on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street will be passed by unnoticed by no one. This is not because of any special architectural excellence, for it is like nothing so much as those triumphs of the scene-painters' art; before which Brignoli, Fechter, Salvini, Rossi, and how many others, have sung and strutted in the dear old Academy of Music. But it stands alone, with, for New York, a liberal space of sod separating it from the houses next it; and the white marble of which it is built has, somehow, preserved its whiteness in spite of rain and dust and soot. No one else of our palace-builders seems to have been able to spare money enough for the purpose of setting his house well back from the street, and providing a clear level space around it; and, for this reason, the building in question will long prove more attractive than many a more expensive and more artistic structure.

Near Thirty-seventh street, on the west side, stands one of the handsomest private houses in the city. It was built by McKim, Meade & White, who may be said to be the leaders in the change that has given us our modern street architecture. It is not meant to be implied that faults may not be found in it; but the problem of composing a street front for a private dwelling that shall, at the same time, be modest and have a distinct artistic character of its own, has, so far, received no better solution in New York. The house is so little conspicuous that passers-by rarely notice it, yet the lower stories are covered with delicate carving, and the whole has a look of strength and cohesion as far as possible removed from that of the houses in line with it on either side. Mr. White, who is said to be the designer, has shown in several other cases that he understands how to pierce a wall so as to weaken it as little as possible, and it looks, in this case, as though the square, mullioned windows of the upper stories actually added strength where it was required. The one window of the first floor and the doorway are round-arched, and the broad section of brown-stone wall between them supports, in appearance as in reality, the principal weight of the superincumbent structure. This story is separated from the one above by a broad, flat cornice ornamented with three horizontal rows of the egg and dart pattern. The wall surface about the doorway is elaborately carved with a sort of acanthus leaf; and the solid bounding wall of the stoop and area is finely panelled and decorated with carved shells and ribands in the style of the early Italian Renaissance. All of this carving is just bold enough and delicate enough to give the intended effect of unostentatious beauty, but the friable nature of the stone has been considered, and the forms are, generally, so repeated that an accidental fracture need hardly call for attention. A somewhat too lavish use of gilding, and of such Italian conceits as the embedding of natural shells and pebbles in the plaster of the walls, make the interior rather less satisfactory. There is, however, some excellent stained glass and wood and metal work, and such a wealth of original design as would set up many a decorating firm for the whole course of its existence.

In the exterior of the Union League Club House, which dominates all the lower part of the Avenue from the brow of the hill at Thirty-ninth Street, the "Queen Anne" sort of thing, which has wrought such havoc out West and on the seaboard, may be said to have culminated, so far as this country is concerned. The massive building is imposing because of its generous proportions, and is, probably, not only the biggest, but the best specimen of its mongrel style to be found this side the Atlantic. The interior is, happily, not in keeping with the exterior. The reading-room and the library, by Cottier, are in the safe and easily understood style affected by him. The hall and fine staircase are resplendent with glass mosaics and burnished metallic surfaces by Tiffany; and the dining-room, on the top floor, has a curious Elizabethan painted ceiling by Lafarge and Will H. Low. The old reservoir, whose flower-clad wall the members of the club must have come to look upon as a sort of appurtenance of their house, is said to be in danger of removal. Unless the space it occupies were to be added to Bryant Park, it would be a pity, for nothing that would be likely to take its place would afford such a rest to the eye as this simple Egyptian structure with its plain, sloping wall, mantled with green all summer. It has been proposed to roof it with glass and iron, and convert it into a winter garden, and that seems to be about the best thing to do with it.

One of the most remarkable Gothic erections in the city is that which some irreverent person has named the Church of the Holy Nightmare. It has been the type of all those pinnacled and buttressed buildings, with gaping portals and red litten windows which certain landscape-painters are fond of putting in the backgrounds of their "winter twilights." Over the way, is the Temple Emanuel, with its Moresque towers, galleries and cupolas covered with arabesques, and its wide and handsome entrance. The stencil work with which the interior is decorated does not at all bear out the promise of the richly carved exterior. The patterns are on too large a scale; they give neither tone nor complexity; that is to say, the work is worse than useless. Mr. Eidlitz, could he have commanded the means and the force of skilled workmen needed to make the inside of the building suit the exterior, might, instead of mere stencilling, have made it glorious with inlays of semi-precious stones, of lapis lazuli and labradorite and tiger-spar; there might have been columns of Mexican onyx and Arizonian jasper, and beams and rafters of Californian red-wood, studded with mother-of-pearl. Not far away, at Forty-fifth Street, is an unpretending little church, the interior of which shows how much splendor can be derived from a less costly material—stained glass mosaic. The wall of the choir or altar end of the church has been filled with a biblical design in the bright but harmonious tints given by American stained glass when seen by reflected instead of by transmitted light. Such work might be used liberally on the walls and ceiling of the big synagogue, and with excellent effect. The Church of the Heavenly Rest shows in its narrow façade the happy result obtainable by mingling colored marbles and granites with carvings in white stone. A hint might be taken from this also, and from the barn-like appearance of the interior of the huge cathedral near by, which all the cheap German stained glass in the world could not alter. Color of very rich quality is necessary in all great interior spaces.

The residences of the Vanderbilt family, and of their relatives, the Sloanes and the Twomblys, dotted along the west side of the Avenue from Fiftieth Street to Fifty-eighth Street, have been so often pictured and described, and have been visited by so many thousands of persons, that there is, perhaps, nothing new left to say about them. The Twombly house is the least known, and the least deserving to be known. It is a bungling attempt, in brown stone, to do something in the graceful French Renaissance style adopted by Hunt for the Wm. K. Vanderbilt house, and also for the Marquand house, on Madison Avenue. There is a fair hall and staircase in the interior, panelled in dark oak. The principal bedroom is in rosewood, with some very handsome carvings, and a painted ceiling, entirely too light and too cold in tone for the walls. The other bedrooms are in the Colonial style, and are pretty and elegant. The dining-room and drawing-room are commonplace and pretentious. Mr. William K. Vanderbilt's house at Fifty-first Street is admittedly the best. The carved stone-work which is lavished on every portion of it has not been equalled by any similar work done since. Its front on Fifty-first Street is remarkably well composed,

and although the Fifth Avenue front is too much charged with ornament, all of it is good and well executed. The interior is arranged throughout not only with a view to magnificence, but to solid comfort. The chief features are the splendidly carved stone grand staircase and the lofty banqueting-hall in François Premier style. The doings of the late William H. Vanderbilt in fitting up his house, and that of his son-in-law, might be compared with those of the European money barons, such as Grant or Hirsch, except that there can be no doubt that the American millionaire enjoyed, in a boyish and unsophisticated way, the fine things that he paid for. His gilded ball-room; his dining-room, with its costly painted ceiling—which from no point could be viewed to advantage; his "Japanese" drawing-room in red lacquer, with its peacock and peony screen in stained glass; his pictures, and, most of all, the crowds of citizens who accepted his standing invitation to come and see them, afforded him sincere delight. The moralists of the daily press who proclaimed that the contrary must be the case, because money does not necessarily make a man happy, were very far out for once. He loved showy and glittering things and liked to have others enjoy them with him, and he was gratified in both respects. What more should a man ask for—if he does not want any more?

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's house on Fifty-eighth Street is not so good as that of his brother, but is better than the Twombly house. It is inconveniently enough arranged inside with a dark and draughty hall to pass through, whether one wishes to reach the breakfast-rooms on Fifth Avenue, the drawing-rooms and conservatory on Fifty-eighth Street or the dining-room and picture-gallery, through both of which one must go to reach the smoking-room. The house makes an inverted L, the end of the horizontal line being the smoking-room just spoken of, which looks out, across a little garden, on the Plaza and the Park. This is the pleasantest feature of it. The decorations were to have been magnificent. They do look rather extravagant. The carvings of the staircase and hall, by St. Gaudens, are the most successful. Those of the dining-room ceiling, helped out with beaten metal, coral and ivory, are not effective in their position, ensconced in deep caissons. The transoms of most of the windows are filled with excellent stained glass by Lafarge. That in the great staircase window, by the same artist, is not so good. The vaulted ceiling of the small picture-gallery, connecting the smoking-room with the dining-room, is painted by Lafarge, in wax paint on canvas, glued to the boards, and held by gilded mouldings in panels, some filled with figure-subjects, others with flowers—the latter the best. The cornice of this room is of Mexican onyx, which was thought at the time of its building to be an unheard-of piece of extravagance; but now the walls of the lavatory and boot-blackening room of the hotel which faces the Grand Central Depot are completely lined with finer specimens of the stone.

I have passed by two or three churches on the way, and must return to say something of one of them—St. Thomas's. It is a picturesque affair, well arranged to secure a good play of light and shadow on the outside, but filled with shadows almost to the exclusion of light within. This is the more regrettable as the apse contains some really good mural paintings by Lafarge, and some exquisite reliefs of kneeling angels by St. Gaudens. Both these artists are said to be Roman Catholics; yet they have never been employed by any Catholic pastor or congregation, which does not look as if that Church was, in our day, a very liberal or a very discriminating patron of the fine arts.

Secretary Whitney's house, built for Mrs. Paran Stevens, should be mentioned before closing this article. It was probably architect Hunt's first experiment in French Renaissance, and has something of the debonair appearance proper to that style, though far from being either as ambitious or as successful as Hunt's later efforts in the same direction. Its Fifth Avenue side is too much broken by projections, and the ornament throughout is rude and displeasing. Notwithstanding, it must be a pleasant house to live in, for the rooms are large, well lit and well decorated, somewhat conventionally, but tastefully. Its small fosse planted with rose-bushes, and its red brick walls, which are getting gradually covered with a growth of Virginia creeper, help to make it, on the whole, a very agreeable object seen from the Avenue. Some more recently-erected dwellings, between it and St. Thomas's, are, on the contrary, disagreeable in their general effect, though containing much good ornamental detail.

R. R.